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"There are more men-enobled by reading than by nature."

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THE POPE'S ODE TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The following stanzas are from Andrew Lang's metrical translation of the pope's Latin ode, "An. Christ. M DCCC C."

Renowned in letters, famed in art,
The age recedes of many a thing
Won for man's good from Nature's heart:
Who will my sing

The glories of the faded years:
I rather, backward glancing, mourn
The deeds ill done, the wrongs, the tears
Of the age outworn.

Red wars that reeked with blood of man,
Wide-wandering lions, scepters rent,
Fierce guile that creeps the Vatican,
(These I lament) . . .

Jesus, the Judge of years to be,
Direct the tides, the tempest still,
And make rebellious people free
To work Thy will!

The minds of kings and peoples mould,
Thy word may all obey with awe,
Be there one shepherd and one fold,
One faith, one law!

PRINCE'S PRIDE AND PEACOCK FEATHERS.

I am a working woman and accustomed to being out at all hours. I am accustomed also to all people and all things, and nothing frightens or astonishes me.

When, therefore, I sat one night in the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, Jersey City side, I was aroused to no interest at all by the appearance of a tall, slender, elderly woman, of elegant bearing, with a young baby. The woman came in, sat down beside me, then got up, hesitated, placed the baby in the seat and came back.

Taking particular notice of her for the first time, I saw that she was of graceful, even dignified, carriage, with refinement of face and figure—a lady from boots to bonnet. She seemed in such uncertainty that I spoke to her: "Can I be of assistance to you?" I asked.

"Yes and no," said she hesitating. "I have lost my railroad ticket. Could you—would you—let me leave my baggage here one minute by the side of you?"

"Certainly," I said. At this she deposited her satchel, umbrella, shawl and baby, in the seat by my side, and walked over to the ticket office.

The baby, a little thing not over a year old, leaned against me comfortably, and I chatted to it as a woman will. When I turned to look at the ticket office, the woman was not there, and, leaning forward in the seat, I glanced down through the door to the ferry entrance beyond without seeing her.

A minute later the gong of my ferryboat was clanging, but I could not leave, for the woman had not returned to take her baby. To make my story short, I sat there until the ferryboat had gone many times, and until many new sets of passengers had come and gone from the ferryhouse, but my woman returned not.

Then, taking the baby, I stepped over to the ticket office. "Did a woman with a baby—my ticket here—a tall, gray haired woman?"

The clerk looked at me superciliously. "I do not recognize any one from that description," he said.

"This baby was left with me an hour ago," I said, "and I am look for the woman."

"You had better go over to the New York side," said he. "Your woman probably crossed an hour ago. Take this boat, and probably you will overtake her."

So with the baby, the hand satchel, the shawl and the umbrella, I crossed the Jersey ferry and landed at Cortlandt Street, New York. But here, I could not get any satisfaction, for no one had seen my woman, and no one would take the baby. At the suggestion of a policeman, I took a cab and drove to Bellevue hospital, only to be told that Blackwell's Island was the place for a wait.

"But Blackwell's Island is across the river," I said, "and I am here."

"Then take it to the police station," suggested the Bellevue official.

I took the baby, which by this time had slumbered comfortably in my arms, to the police station, but the official could do nothing for me.

"The baby was not found in our

precinct," said he, "and I must refer you elsewhere. I think," he added, "that as it was found on the Jersey City side, you will have to find a place for it in the public institutions of New Jersey. Better take it home to-night and start out again in the morning."

As it was now midnight, I took his advice. I carried the baby home, and there, with the help of my old caretaker, we fixed a little bed for it on the sofa and made it comfortable. My caretaker, dear old woman, after she had recovered from her surprise, warmed a little food for the child and soothed it to sleep as best she could.

The next morning, bright and early, I started out on my quest for a home for the baby, but not until I had amused myself with it for an hour, admiring its pretty ways and wondering how any one could have the heart to forsake it, and particularly how such a refined woman could do so cruel a deed.

As I said, I am a busy worker. I am a newspaper woman, and before going on my private mission I called upon my chief and told him of my find.

"That would make an excellent newspaper story," said he.

"Yes," said I, "and you can publish it. Put the child's picture in the paper, but leave out my name. Maybe we can trace the woman quietly."

But we could not trace the woman; neither could I find a place for the child abandoned in a ferryhouse. It was as though she had been born in mid-air—a child without a town or a habitation. So in a few weeks, partly by fate and partly because I had become attached to the child, I found myself—a newspaper woman—in possession of a baby about a year old. The little girl was pretty, and I liked her. She was beginning to talk and to walk, and before I had had her a week, we began to be afraid that some one would claim her. But no one ever did.

My chief knew of the acquisition to my household, but said nothing. He is a wise man and allows his subordinates to do as they will, provided their loyalty to his newspaper is unswerving.

One day, the 1st of June, the chief sent for me and said: "I want you to go to Newport for the season. Lady Blackburn and her daughter are to be there. They have just come over from Europe and to be the lions of Newport society. Her ladyship is an American, you know, but her daughter was born abroad. She is to be introduced into society this summer, and it is expected that she will make a brilliant match before the season is out."

"Who is Lady Blackburn?" "I do not know exactly," he said. "I embarked over to Berlin to find out something about her, as I understand she was there some time ago. All I could ascertain from our correspondent there was that a certain Lady Blackburn and daughter were part of the American colony at Berlin last season. They were very quiet. The daughter had made an unfortunate match or something of that kind and did not go out."

"Where did she get her title?" "From the dead Blackburn. His ancestor was knighted three generations ago for a service. The title died with him, but in this generation the widow, an ambitious Montana woman, has taken it up, and as she has money she is going to make the most of it."

"You want me to go to Newport?" "Yes; go there and give her ladyship a fine write up."

As I started away the chief called out: "Don't take the baby with you. She's too young to enter society."

I went to Newport, to the Rock House, without the baby. I found the entire hotel in a state of anticipation, for her ladyship was expected any day, and a retinue of her servants had arrived ahead of her.

Here I heard great stories of Lady Blackburn, such as I had never heard before, and I soon learned that she had gone to Europe in her youth, had married abroad and had recently inherited money from her father in Montana. She was about to return to this country with her daughter to become the queen of American society.

The daughter, the Honorable Constance, was beautiful and fit enough to reign over any belle in Newport.

The entire second floor in the Rock House was engaged for Lady Blackburn and the Honorable Constance, and three of the best carriage houses were put in commission for her ladyship's blooded horses.

The day of her arrival at Newport I wrote a full account to my newspaper at home and had the satisfaction of knowing that we had scored a "beat," for no other newspaper had such a full account of the coming of the distinguished woman to Newport.

I had a glimpse of her ladyship on the day of her arrival as she was coming up the steps. She was a tall, slender, gray haired woman, with a distinguished bearing, and by her side, smaller, though with scarcely less distinction, walked the Honorable Constance. Later I saw the young woman's face. It was sweet, though inexpressibly sad, and I, with my experience of the world, said to myself, "The Honorable Constance looks like a woman with a past."

In a few days all Newport was alive with the arrival of the Blackburns. Cards and carriages arrived at the Rock House at all hours of the day, and the name of the Honorable Constance, the beautiful heiress, was on every lip.

It had been decided that Constance would make her debut in society at the home of Mrs. Senator Gray, who is one of the most elegant women in Newport society. Then she and her mother, having met all Newport, could entertain at a grand presentation ball at the Rock House.

I must say this much for the ladyship—that never in the course of my editorial career have I been treated with more consideration. Though I had never met her, I received each day from her pen a very nice programme of the day's doings.

On her arrival I had sent her my card, with the name of the paper I represented engraved upon it, and her ladyship had informed me, in a very elegantly worded note, that was written on very elegantly engraved note paper, that she would be pleased at any time to render me any assistance in her power in the way of gathering society news.

So every morning I received from the pen of her secretary a full account, which greatly facilitated my work.

The Honorable Constance, like all girls of 20 who are not yet in society, was passive in this, but I thought she was sadder than she ought to be, considering her elegant coming debut, and when I saw her, as I often did, walking toward the ocean in company with only a maid, I wondered that she was so depressed.

One evening, seeing her and her mother seated on the public balcony after bidding farewell to their guests, I thought I would venture, considering their kindness, to approach them and pay my respects. As I stepped up behind them, I saw that they were engaged in a deep conversation and found that I was in eustrot without intending it.

"If we could only find it, mamma, if we could only find it," Lady Constance was saying.

"It was stolen, I tell you, stolen! I searched the papers and offered rewards, though you were too prostrated with grief to realize it, but it was never found. Why can you not give it up for lost, or do you want to spoil everything? You are only 20 and—why can you not give it up?"

"They must have lost a valuable jewel," I said to myself, but somehow I had a feeling that it was not a jewel they meant.

The day of Lady Blackburn's ball was the busiest day Newport has ever seen. Never will I forget it. All the morning enterers and decorators were coming to the house to add to the elegant preparations made by the host of the finest hotel in the world.

All the afternoon carriages were arriving, bearing immense bunches of bouquets and baskets of orchids. The Hon. Constance Blackburn was to be launched into society under the auspices second to no other debutante that ever stepped out at Newport.

My plan for reporting the ball was this:

During the morning I had written a complete account of the preparations. In the afternoon I obtained the list of the invited guests, and toward evening I made a note of the bouquets and those who had sent them. All these I telegraphed to my chief in New York.

At 9 o'clock I would visit the ballroom, and, having noted the costumes of the ladies, I would wire them to my chief to be added before the paper went to press.

At 5 o'clock I determined for fear of being left out at some important detail, to visit Lady Blackburn and pay my respects to her. I thought this would be a good time to thank her for her kindness and to ask for additional details regarding the ball. Up to this time I had never met her ladyship.

I was ushered into the Blackburn suite of rooms, and there, in the most luxurious corner of the summer parlor, I sank to rest amid elegant cushions to await the arrival of Lady Blackburn, to whom I had sent my card.

It was only a minute before I heard the rustle of her gown. She was not yet dressed for the ball. She had her arms full of favors, and on each side of her were maidservants, also carrying flowers. They stopped at a small table at my side.

"You can lay the favors there, James," said her ladyship. "And you, John, place yours over on the table."

It was plain that Lady Blackburn did not know she had a guest. "Now," said she, "I will leave these here, and I will come back for them in just a minute."

Something in the sound of her voice brought me to my feet, and she laid her burden by my side and stepped back. I turned and looked at her. For one minute we two women stood face to face!

I took the midnight train for New York that very night. I had something I wanted to tell my chief.

"It is a good story," he said, "but we could never print it. Lady Blackburn is a leader in society, and the Honorable Constance is engaged to be married to the wealthiest catch of Newport. The announcement came over the wire to-night. It was made at the ball. It seems the Honorable Constance only met him at Newport, but money, youth and beauty fixed the match. I guess we had better let it drop."

"Yes," I said; "perhaps so, especially for my own family."—*Exchange.*

A WORD TO GIRLS.

Every girl, no matter what her station or prospects, should acquire some useful art or profession; should learn to do some one thing so well that it shall have a value in the great world market, and in her hour of need suffice to make her a breadwinner. The world has an abundance of mediocre workers, but it can never have a superfluity of those who have added to native endowment discipline and conscientious training. Think this over, dear girls, in those moments of leisure, when some of you are pondering what to do next, and many of you are planning for the future.

Probably the best gift which could be bestowed on most girls in any station or occupation would be what on the turf is known as staying power. Many of us begin with enthusiasm, but we give out before the end of the day. To adopt a certain line of conduct, to choose a special study, or to decide on a particular course and stick to it, is in each case to deserve success if not always to ensure it.

The path of life is strewn with the wrecks of those who began but did not hold on their way. She who would make her mark in the work-a-day world, and gain her prize, must be steady and persevering in the face of every discouragement, with belief in herself and in God.

Norway, Servia, Greece and Bulgaria are the only European nations which have but one House of Parliament.

CHICAGO.

An Exchange Party in Aid of Sweet Charity.

AN AFTERNOON WITH VICTORIA.

A Big Batch of Newsy Items.

Wednesday, from ten A.M. to four P.M., February 27th, exchange party was held at Mrs. George T. Dougherty's residence, 6008 Wabash Avenue, under the auspices of Ladies Aid Society for the benefit of charity, and brought a good attendance of members and friends. Every one had a most enjoyable day. Dainty lunch and delicious coffee was served at 1:30 o'clock. After this, they spent the afternoon with Queen Victoria. Mrs. Kingdon opened the program by speaking of the birth of Queen Victoria. Each lady gave five or ten minutes talk on the following parts of the life of the queen.

1. Reared in simplicity—Mrs. Olson.
2. Self-denial—Mrs. James Gibney.
3. Notified that she was queen—Mrs. Carter.
4. The Queen Marriage—Miss Knight.
5. Mother of nine children—Mrs. Schorr.
6. Death of Prince Consort—Mrs. Sullivan.
7. Truthful but unruly—Miss Treider.
8. "The Queen's Last Ride"—Mrs. Colby.

Mrs. Edwin N. Bowes read Queen Victoria's letter of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln on the death of the president. Incidents of Queen were told by Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Kleinhaus and Rev. Hasenstab. One of these interesting incidents was told by Mrs. Dougherty, that Mr. Bray's aunt was once a maid of Queen Victoria. One day the Queen was out riding in a dog cart with her maid. Mr. Bray was in the way. The maid let the pony go near him to touch him gently with its nose. The man was scared, and looking up recognized his aunt and queen. Recovering from fright, he doffed his hat with an apology. The Queen enjoyed the joke immensely, and bowed her head with a smile toward him.

Then the goods that the ladies had donated were exchanged at a price of twenty-five cents, and the sale brought a large sum. Little Grace, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Hasenstab, recited "The Child-Jesus, the First Night," in sign language. She is five years old, going on six, and it is no childish talk. She is a wonderful and bright child.

The engagement of Florence Wood Smith, formerly of Fanwood School, to Mr. Leonard Cokelair, was announced by Mrs. Dougherty while the Exchange party was in progress. Mr. Cokelair is a good man, and no doubt he will make her life very happy. He has a steady situation at Montgomery, Ward & Co.'s wholesale house.

Mrs. Elliott, of Gano, has been sick with a gripple.

In my last letter I failed to state that the Rev. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Dougherty on the 22d and 23d February, when he was in Chicago purely on private business. He took the midnight train for St. Louis after closing of the Washington exercises at the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms.

Mr. Owensby, of Tennessee, came here last fall, and worked in the electricity house with Mr. Carter, but the lake climate did not agree with him. A doctor advised him to go back home. So he obeyed his order.

Officer Rowan, or "Big Steve," who guarded the door to Mayor Harrison's office, died recently, and was well known to many deaf-mutes here. For many years he patrolled around Madison, and Clark Streets, where it was the resort of gamblers and sporting men. The neighborhood was very lively in those days with gambling houses and pooling rooms, and many deaf-mutes gathered in a circle talking on the sidewalk. That officer very often liked to hit with his baton on the legs some of the fellows who did not see him coming. They did "move on" with a hot jump.

Oh, dear ladies, beg your pardon for my poor memory. It is rather late now, but recollect the proverb, "Better late than never." I have neglected to add the names of the following ladies who went to Jacksonville on the excursion train recently with a small party, and also joined by a large number of the mutes of Elgin: Mesdames Sonneborn, Left, Bowes.

They enjoyed the trip, and the visit to the school very much. The school is very dear to Mrs. Sonneborn, for it is her alma mater.

The annual banquet of Galludet College Alumni here has just been arranged. It will be held at the Joy Yet Lo restaurant in Chinatown, Saturday evening, April 13th. Invitations will be sent out to the graduates of College abroad. Supt. Gordon, of Jacksonville, will be asked to attend the banquet to represent Dr. Galludet. Supt. Gordon was a professor at Galludet for over twenty years, before coming to Jacksonville. If it was not for the distance, Dr. Galludet would come to the banquet.

The alumni is officered as follows: President, G. T. Dougherty; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab.

The restaurant is a very nice place to eat. Lord Mayor of Limerick, John Daly, who is visiting this country, Major McBride, the Irish soldier, who led a brigade of Boers forces, Secretary to Mayor Harrison, and many Board of Trade men were at the Chinese banquet to mark the closing of the new year celebration, at the same restaurant, last Saturday evening.

"Just a little more of the bird's-nest soup, if you please. It is the most palatable dish I have tasted since I left Ireland." That was what John Daly, Lord Mayor of Limerick, said at the Chinese banquet given at the Joy Yet Lo restaurant, 233 Clark Street.

Hello! Hello!! Hello!!! Mr. Cloud, can you hear my cry? Well, can you come here to settle the Chinese war?

Hello, Mr. Long! Can you make the long distance to China short?

Hello, Mr. George! Will you, my dear friend, come along with Supt. Gordon and elucidate the mystery of Chinese language?

Wake up, Mr. Robinson. Come and have a choice roast robin.

Come, Messrs. Haggerty and Murphy, to taste Chinese cooking, and you will like it—a la John Daly, of Ireland.

Won't you, Messrs. Morrow and Archibald, come and have some Birds'-Nest pudding?

If Mr. Berg comes, he can have a few subscribers for the *World*, from the Chinese Colony.

Mr. Robert E. Bray has been a resident of Chicago for about ten years. He is a first class decorative glass artist. Mr. Bray came from England, and yet loves his old country.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie, corresponding secretary of Pas-a-Pas Club, has received in letter from the secretary of Gov. Yates. It reads as follows: "Dear Sir:—I am directed by the governor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of February 3d, indorsing Capt. Knoch which has been submitted to his personal attention and filed and will be given due consideration." Capt. Knoch is a brother-in-law to Mr. Codman. Previously the club had petitioned Governor to appoint him State Adjutant-General.

Mr. Regensburg, Chairman Picnic Committee for Pas-a-Pas, has appointed Messrs. Colby, Hasenstab, Dougherty, Ritchie, Barrows and Sullivan, as his assistants. The picnic will be given on the last Saturday in June.

Mr. Henry Rutherford, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, stated that a "portrait puzzle" game will be given in the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms, Saturday evening, March 16th. Every member and lady is to bring his and her photograph, when taken in 'teens or earlier.

Mr. William B. Wayman was on the sick list, and failed to come to the business meeting of Pas-a-Pas Club, to preside last Saturday evening. In his absence, Mr. Barrows presided. Is the presidency an unhealthy occupation, Willie?

Mrs. Thomas Lynch, nee Stone Camiesche, died recently in Rockford. Mr. Lynch has moved to Peru, Ill.

Rev. Hasenstab is to preach in

Peoria, to assist Mr. Harrie Cook, on Sunday, March 10th.
CHICAGO.

Leads the World in Paper Making.

America leads the world in the paper industry. We have here the largest paper mills in the world, and there are in any other country. England has in round numbers about 400 paper mills, while America has about 1,800. Our materials cost more than they cost abroad, and our paper mill workers get from two or three times as much money per day for their labor as do the foreigners, yet such is the perfection of our machinery that we can turn out the staple grades of paper cheaper, or at least as cheap, and much better than can be done in any other country.

We import something less than four million dollars' worth of special grades of paper during a year, as for example the Japanese papers, lithographing paper, parchment papers, etc., while we export close on to six million dollars worth of book and writing paper.

During the past four or five years we have obtained a strong foothold in the markets of England, and we are shipping news paper especially to London, Southampton and Liverpool, by the tens of thousands dollars' worth every week, while it is not unusual for New York City to ship \$26,000 to \$56,000 worth of news paper a week to one or more Australian ports.

Four or five years ago an agent of Edward Lloyd, limited, who owns a large paper mill at Sittingbourne, England, made a tour of this country, and before he returned he left an order for an American fast running Fourdiner machine, to cost from \$30,000 to \$40,000. That machine, when it was set up in England, very nearly worked a revolution in the manufacture of news paper in that country.

Several others have been built in America for use in England since then. We have sent a number of Fourdiner machines to Scandinavia and Finland, within three or four years. American architects now plan paper and pulp mills to be built in Norway and Sweden, and they are fitted with American paper and mill pulp machinery. Japan has bought several thousand dollars' worth of American paper-making machinery.

As a result of the growing use of American paper in England, English manufacturers are paying less attention to the manufacture of printing paper, so-called, and it is probable that in the course of a few years they will confine themselves to the manufacture of high grade specialties in paper, in which the cost of the raw material is of comparatively small consequence, and in which the largest proportion of the cost of production resides in the labor and the processes employed.

A generation ago Germany began to use wood pulp in making paper; a little later we began to import pulp, and we bought a great deal of it abroad. To-day we import very little, and that only of special grades, while large quantities of American pulp are shipped to England, Germany, and other European points.

The star of empire, in so far as paper making is concerned, has moved across the Atlantic during the past ten years.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointment.

MARCH
10—3:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany.
7:30 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady.
15—7:30 P.M., St. Mark's, Malone.
17—3:00 P.M., St. John's, Johnstown.
7:45 P.M., Christ Church, Herkimer.
20—Buffalo.
21—Rochester.
22—7:30 P.M., St. Peter's, Auburn.
23—7:30 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.
24—10:30 A.M., Trinity, Utica.
3:00 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
7:45 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
31—10:30 A.M., Elmira.
3:00 P.M., Owego.
7:30 P.M., Binghamton.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1634 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the lamest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us;

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

JUST as the JOURNAL is being ready for press, comes the sad announcement of the death of Mrs. Mary Toles Peet, widow of the late Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, whose connection with the New York Institution as teacher, Principal, and finally Emeritus Principal, is familiar to all who know of the deaf and their educational establishments. Mrs. Peet died in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, March 5th, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The immediate cause of death was heart failure, following an attack of the "grip."

Mary Toles was born in the year 1836, and became deaf from dropsy on the brain at the age of thirteen years. It was not until two years after the loss of hearing that she was entered as a pupil at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. Her education had been so advanced before becoming deaf, that on entering the institution at the age of fifteen, she was able to enter the highest class, and graduated with honors two years later, in 1853. On the 27th of June, 1854, she was married to Isaac Lewis Peet, then a teacher under the Principalship of his father, Harvey Prindle Peet LL.D., at the Church of the Puritans, 15th Street and Broadway, the site of the present celebrated jewelry establishment of Tiffany & Co. Four children were born to them, three of whom survive—namely, Dr. Walter B. Peet, a promising physician, of Yonkers, N. Y.; George Herbert Peet, now President of the Board of Trade of Providence, R. I.; and Elizabeth Peet, an instructor in the Columbia Institution, at Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Peet, when a young girl, was possessed of remarkable beauty. To this she added a cultivated intellect, and a charm of manner which made her popular in the large and refined circle of society in which she moved. She was very fond of society, and as a hostess excelled in the entertainment of guests, and when it is considered that it was largely from among the highly educated hearing people that her friends were drawn, it will at once be understood how great were the social accomplishments and personal graces with which she was endowed. To the deaf she was always the generous, indulgent and faithful friend; and her greatest happiness was to entertain and converse with them. To the deaf friends of her school-days her heart beat loyally and true, and even those of a later day attest to her loveliness of heart and whole-souled interest and appreciation. There was a total absence of that good-natured tolerance, which is so often recognized in those who wish to be engaging, but whose heart and interests are far away.

Mrs. Peet was gifted with a poetical sense that is rare in those whom deafness shuts from the harmonies and euphonies of sound. She contributed a great many poems of merit, but never had them published collectively. It was her custom, on each recurring anniversary of the birth of Harvey Prindle Peet, to present an original poem, and during each yearly celebration of his birth after

he became Emeritus-Principal of the New York Institution, Mrs. Peet's poem was the feature of the occasion. She wrote a poetical greeting to the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) on his visit to the New York Institution in 1861, of which the following is an extract:—

Right loyally we greet him, too,
For every heart should bend, I ween,
In homage to such worth as that
Which sits enshrined in England's Queen.

And though no purple hangs above
The brave young Briton here;
Yet retinues of kindred hearts
Send up to Heaven this cheer:—

"God save the Queen, God save the Prince,
And blessings on them shower;
And strengthen every rightful cause
That adds to England's power."

When the Gallaudet Statue was unveiled at Hartford, the poem on the occasion was from Mrs. Peet's ready pen. It is excellent in rhythm and breadth of conception, as can be judged from the following stanzas, which are but a part of the poem:—

No flaunting banners wave,
No pomp surrounds his grave;
No arch triumphal blazons forth his name;
More fitting pile we raise
For one whose brightest days
Were given to deeds worth a far nobler fame.

Plain monumental stone,
Whereon the summer's sun
And autumn moonbeams silently will lie,
O'er these soft soles of spring
May float with unseen wing,
And mingle here with the mute pilgrim's sigh.

And while we linger round
This consecrated ground,
Perchance, as starbeams mirrored in the wave,
His spirit, lingering near,
May be reflected here
In silent hearts, inspiring works of love.

On the occasion of the "golden wedding" of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Carrier of Newburyport, Mass., parents of Principal Carrier, Mrs. Peet presented a charmingly appropriate poem, which we regret to be unable to secure, as it was one of her best efforts.

During the past fifteen years, Mrs. Peet has suffered from bodily ailments—first with rheumatism, and afterward what was feared would end her life, a trouble at the base of the brain, which only the skill of some of New York's greatest physicians frustrated.

Mrs. Peet was a teacher at the New York Institution from 1863 to 1867, and was eminently successful, but her duties as wife and mother compelled her to narrow the sphere of her ministrations.

In 1879, at the silver wedding of Dr. and Mrs. Peet, many deaf and hearing friends were present. It was in the old Knapp Mansion, one of the spacious buildings that the gentry of the old Colonial days delighted in. On the occasion, Rev. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, editor of the *New York Observer*, now President of the New York Institution's Board of Directors, read some impromptu verses, three of which are appended:—

From far and near, a thousand grateful hands
Express the feelings which the time demands;
And, though the lips are mute, the tongues are dumb,
Their silent blessings, trooping hither, come.

Thrice happy pair, whose quarter century sees
Such fruits of toil, and blessings like to these;
The love of those to whom your patient care
Has brought relief from darkness and despair.

Opened the gates of knowledge, showed the road
From utter ignorance to truth and God,
Built happy homes, and aided to impart
Sweet peace and joy to many a troubled heart.

During late years, Mrs. Peet has lived in Providence, R. I., and in Washington, D. C. She was beautiful even in her old age, and we can see in mind her kindly eyes, and wavy snow-white hair, and feel sadly that one more dear, good friend, has passed from this life forever.

A FRENCH HELEN KELLER.

There is a young French girl who is in some respects even more remarkable than Helen Keller, Mlle Marie Houtin was born deaf, dumb and blind, and until the age of ten years was considered partially idiotic also. Sister St. Marguerite, a Larnay nun, was first instrumental in gaining her attention. Marie has now learned to read and write and to derive pleasure from beauty of form or color. Her sensitive finger tips pass rapidly over any object and she seems to know almost by instinct whether its artistic qualities are correct.—*Phila-Record*.

OH IO.

Anent the Gallaudet College Hazing.

THE MORAL OF PRINTING SAME.

Items Concerning the Deaf of the Buckeye State.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greene, 960 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Recently the *Press-Post* of this city sent questions to a number of prominent people of Columbus, asking their opinions as to what they would do if they were the managing editor of the paper.

The replies published were various and of a wide scope, but the majority agreed that they would leave out sensational matters and anything that calculated to leave a hard impress on the mind. And this leads us to refer to a recent incident which occurred at Gallaudet College, and which was the cause of sending home, to remain for a period, several students. Several of the correspondents of *Institution* papers, as a news item, stated that so and so had left the college, but giving no reasons therefor. That was as it should be, for these papers are published by and for the benefit of the pupils, and hence any thing of a character injurious to the young minds should not find a way into their columns. Some of these papers which published the reasons for the suspensions of the young men together with a long account of what led to it, certainly made a bad break. We can imagine the pupils of those schools gathering together and thus discussing the matter among themselves, and if later on, any of the practices break out among the pupils of those schools, the authorities will have no one to blame but themselves. They really invited them, by the publication of the article from the *New York Sun* and other big dailies. We took little stock in the article in question, and we have since learned that the matter was greatly overdrawn. No good can come by the printing of such stuff in an institution paper. As well fill its columns with yellow dime or nickel literature, the effects are about the same.

Mr. Frank Snielau left Wednesday for his home in Kenton, where he will remain for some time. Mrs. Mary L. Yost, nee Kennedy, died at St. Anthony's Hospital, this city, on Monday last. The cause of her death is given as exhaustion. None of the deaf of the city knew of her death until it was announced in the papers. It is supposed her remains were taken by her brother to her former home in Belmont County for burial. Her husband died several years ago. Three small children by her death are left orphans.

The Columbus Advanced Society held its regular meeting Wednesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King, 506 Wilson Avenue.

The members discussed for some time, very profitably and interesting to themselves, "Washington and the United States."

Mrs. King, at the close of the discussion, treated those present to light refreshments, which no doubt they considered as interesting as the debate. Mr. Aug. Becker, Attendant of the Institution, was a spectator of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib were quarantined for some time, on account of scarlet fever in their respective households. The placards have been removed and visitors are again welcomed.

Albert Tucker, a graduate of the Michigan School, has moved over into Buckeye, making his home in Massillon, in the northeastern part of the State. He has secured here a position in the Ohio Table Company, as a wood worker.

Mrs. Zell and her son Ernest spent from Friday to Sunday evening, down in Dayton, with friends.

Rev. A. W. Marn conducted a service in Trinity Church last evening, for the deaf.

Miss Ida Ohlemacher will remain in the city for some time yet. Sunday, she accompanied her brother and Mr. Zorn to the Home, and at the service, which Mr. Zorn conducted, she rendered very gracefully, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The older pupils, upon invitation, attended an exhibition of Stereoscopic views of the Passion Play, at Broad Street Methodist Church, Thursday evening. They speak of it as being very fine.

The D floor pupils were given their last social for the term last evening, and enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. McGregor entertained Clonigan Society, with a talk on "Cyranus de Bergerac," last Saturday evening, and proved a fine treat to all who witnessed it.

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Miss Bertha Dresbach is back in the city, from a few days, visit to her home in Licking County. March 2, 1901. A. B. G.

SUICIDE NEAR MAYFIELD.

DEAF AND DUMB MAN HUNG HIMSELF THIS MORNING.

George C. Payn of Tuttle, N. Y., who was visiting at the home of his aunt, Miss Esther Christie, near Mayfield, committed suicide this morning by hanging. He was deaf and dumb and had been a student at the Rochester Deaf and Dumb Institute for some time. He was 23 years of age. He is survived by his father and mother, a brother and sister, all living at Tuttle.

The last seen of the young man alive was at the farm about three miles east of the city, about 9 o'clock this morning, when he left the house and went toward the barn which is located about 100 feet from the house. About half an hour after the young man went away Lewis Yost went to the barn on some personal matters and found Payn's body hanging near the cow stable with a rope around his neck, the rope being suspended from a plank. Yost immediately called Miss Christie and the rope was then cut, after which the body was laid on the barn floor and effort was made to resuscitate the young man, as the body was still quite warm.

The attempt to revive was unsuccessful, and Amos Christie, a brother of Miss Christie, was summoned and he notified Coroner Everest of this city. The latter went to the Christie farm accompanied by Dr. Lefler, and examined the remains. They found a mark around the neck, nearly cutting the skin, but there were no other marks of violence and there was every indication that Payn died of strangulation.

A further investigation into the matter showed that Payn's aunt, Miss Christie, had recently noticed that he was suffering from mental aberration, and while in a despondent state he concluded to end his life. A verdict to that effect was rendered by the coroner.—*Gloversville, N. Y., Leader*, Feb. 27.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Gallaudet College Alumni Association.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 26, 1901.

There will be a special meeting of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association at Buffalo, N. Y., July 24-27th, at the time of the Convention of Instructors of the Deaf and Pan-American Exposition. Notice of such meeting is hereby given, and a full attendance of members respectfully requested. The special object of the meeting is to have the Association pass upon the admission of Normal Fellow Graduates of Gallaudet College as active members. Other business that may properly come before a special meeting will also be considered. Full particulars as to date, hour, meeting place, social features, etc., will be announced as early as possible.

By order of the Board of Directors.
F. R. GRAY,
President.

J. H. CLOUD,
Secretary.

WYOMING VALLEY.

All anthracite mines, in the Eastern Pennsylvania, are enjoying a good business since after the strike. There are many orders coal for factories, mills, etc., during this month, because the people fear that there will be a big strike in the hard and soft coal fields. Some deaf-mutes gave their orders for coal this month. They are: Messrs. Herman Wirth (5½ tons), James Williams (6 tons), James Byron (4½ tons), Harry Petrichs (8 tons), and others. John Barth will have one car of fire-wood from his relatives of Lopez, Noxen and Stull, Pa., during the summer.

A deaf-mute woman, who never lived in the coal region before she got married, in Philadelphia, last spring, now lives here in Wilkes Barre, with her husband. She told your correspondent that she would fear that her home would be shattered by a cave-in, as it was over a mine.

There is one pretty deaf-mute girl, in Luzerne County, who never went to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf. She is about 24 years old. Your correspondent found that she can write the English language. Her father taught her. She is a good cook. Her mother died some years ago.

Mr. H. Wirth, who was down with the grip for two weeks, is better, and able to work as carpet weaver. Also John Barth was sick. Mr. and Mrs. James Byron are doing well.

The Wyoming Valley Society will hold a meeting to-night, (Thursday) about the banquet. The committee will decide the matter.

Messrs. J. Reilly and Tracy Learn, of Port Blanchard, lost their work at the colliery of the Erie Coal Company, which was destroyed by fire some time ago. Mr. Learn went home to Runison, to work on the farm again, and Mr. Reilly works some where about the colliery at Plymouth, as the breaker boss. Both are members of the U. M. W. of A.

J. H. B.

LOYALTY.

You asked us to give you our ideas of *Loyalty*. According to Webster it is "the state of being loyal." To me it means more than simply being faithful to some person or place. It cannot be complete without love and a desire to please.

Our first feelings of loyalty seem to have their origin in the sweet forbearing love of our parents. Their loyalty to us is made up of love, tenderness, thoughtfulness, kindness, unselfishness, and an intense longing to have us become all that is good and noble.

Our loyalty to them should lead us to be obedient, considerate, trustful, contented with what we have, willing, to assist them in every conceivable way. It should lead us to honor them, to strive to realize all their fond hopes and wishes for us by being truthful, honest, studious, kind, loving, sympathetic, modest, gentle, careful, temperate in all things, good, noble, gentlemanly and ladylike—in short to be come honorable and useful men and women.

Loyalty to our school implies a sort of veneration for her as our alma mater, a love and respect for those who have charge of us while we are being educated, a desire to make their pathway less thorny and our own more pleasant.

This state of affairs may best be brought about by a strict obedience of all the rules, promptness, punctuality, attention to our several duties, cheerfulness, orderliness, friendliness to all, a helpful spirit, kindness to all younger and weaker ones, enthusiasm and energy of the right kind, a desire to live in peace, a forgiving spirit, courtesy, amiableness, firmness in resisting temptation, patience when things seem to go wrong, self-helpfulness, cleanliness, contentment, carefulness of things belonging to the school or to others. It also embraces an inclination to form good habits, a desire to increase in wisdom as far as possible, and perseverance in well doing. It implies a wish to form a good character, a tendency to crush out such conflicting elements as envy, malice, jealousy, cruelty, anger, deceit, dishonesty, evil thinking, slander, fault finding, suspicion, exaggeration and general meanness. It leads us to cultivate the habit of looking on the bright side, and of being blind to unpleasant trifles. It teaches us to remember that there is good in every body, and that we should try to discover it.

Loyalty to our flag. What does that not mean to our boys and girls? Our flag represents our country, and whoever insults the dearly beloved stars and stripes, commits an unpardonable offense, in the estimation of our countrymen. This beautiful feeling of patriotism extends to even the smallest youngster in kilts. It seems to be a part of our nature, a heaven-born spark that cannot be quenched.

Loyalty of this kind includes a patriotic love for our country, and a desire to make her the best nation in the world. In order that she may be recognized as such, we should each and all strive to become worthy citizens. A small number only can hold high offices, and all are not able to fight great battles in her behalf. But we can better our own condition by striving to have "each minute and unseen part" of our work the very best. You will know what is necessary to become worthy citizens. The foundation is laid in the schools. What we are there, we are very apt to be when we leave our alma-mater.

Loyalty to God implies a recognition of Him as our Creator, a Being worthy our highest love, a reverence for Him as such and gratitude to Him for the countless blessings which we enjoy. But this is not all. We should have faith in Him. We should trust to His wisdom in afflicting us as He has, and in placing us where we are, believing "He doeth all things well." Our love for Him should lead us to take His Son for a model and strive to be as near like Him as possible. In this way only can we truly please Him. In no other way can we so well show our loyalty.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

MARCH 10TH, THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y. Rev. Job Turner officiating.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, 3:30 P.M. Confirmation of Deaf-Mutes, 7:20 P.M.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, Poughkeepsie, 9 A.M. Holy Communion, 3 P.M.

Thursday, March 14th, Lent service in St. Ann's, 8 P.M., Guild Room of St. Ann's meeting after service—discussion on the composition advantages of sight and hearing.

GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

Building Fund.

Fifteen dollars collected by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Terhush, have been thankfully received.

Musical Sounds From The Electric Arc.

Mr. W. Duddell, an electrician of London, has discovered a method of producing musical sounds from the electric arc, and recently gave a lecture upon these investigations before the London Institution of Electrical Engineers. It is only the solid carbon, that which is homogeneous in its nature, that is capable of producing these unusual sounds. The cored carbons are absolutely silent. Not only is it possible to obtain musical sounds, but they may be varied so as to produce a tune, and to exemplify his thesis, the inventor played a popular air. The variations in the sounds are accomplished by a by-pass or shunt placed across the carbons, and which have the same effect as the fingers and keys upon a flute. Mr. Duddell, in the course of his lecture, arranged four arcs in series to increase the intensity of the sound, and by varying the self-induction and capacity in the shunt circuit by means of a keyboard, of two octaves, produced his tune. The keyboard may be placed at my distance from the lamps without depreciating the musical effects emitted by the arcs. The inventor has also requisitioned the electric-light arc for receiving telephonic messages transmitted from another point of the building.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes" the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a case celebrated that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

Still Holds Good.

"There was a time," exclaimed young Spenders, who had gone through a fortune, "when people used to say I had more money than brains. They can't say it now." "No?" queried the caustic cad. "No. I'm down to my last penny." "Ah! but you have the penny."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Legal Advice.

Lawyer—Why didn't you come to me? I could have given you some good advice.

Mr. Kraft—I don't believe it. Any advice you'd give would be necessarily poor or you'd sell it, and the kind you sell is too dear.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Ireland sends annually 44,000 tons of eggs—some 640,000,000 in round numbers—to England alone.

In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long single plait, with which is entwined a bright scarlet thread. The style of ornamentation denotes that the young woman is of marriageable age.

Three hundred persons in London earn a living—and several of them are growing rich—by providing meals for the cats of the metropolis, which they deliver regularly once, twice or thrice a day, as may suit the owners of feline pets.

In Europe, where polished floors have so long been popular, it is a custom to polish them carefully, and preferably with a cloth fastened on the shoe. Professional cleaners or polishers have learned to skate about at a great rate, and to do polishing quickly and well.

A remarkable test of cut-flower preservation was made by a Philadelphia man whose fiancée was going to Europe. He promised her that she should have a fresh bouquet every day she was on ship-board.

So he had six boxes made and each labeled for the day it was to be opened. These he confided to the steward of the steamer, who placed the boxes in cold storage and opened one each morning for the recipient. After she arrived at Liverpool she wrote home that the flowers were as fresh as though newly gathered.

Charging for Knowing How.

"I paid a bill the other day," said a large manufacturer, "without a murmur, simply because of the way it was worded. My engineer found that his hot water pipe would not work, and after pottering at it for an hour sent for a machinist. He bothered with it half a day and concluded it must come apart. I was much annoyed, for that meant the stoppage of my factory for a long time. Before I gave the order to take it to pieces, some one suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery.

He came, and after studying the pump a while he took a hammer and gave it three sharp raps over the valve. 'I reckon she will go now,' he quietly said, and putting on steam she did go. The next day I received a bill from him for \$25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: 'Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, fifty cents. For knowing how, \$25.' Had he charged me \$25.50 for fixing, it I should have considered it exorbitant. But fifty cents was reasonable, and I recognized the value of knowledge, so I paid and said nothing.' That man evidently knew as much about making bills as he did about making pumps.—*Ex.*

Paid Well for the Work.

Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a London safemaker requesting that an expert locksmith be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city. Upon reaching his destination, the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair, which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened.

The man examined the lock, and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to pick a mass of crumbs, dust and lint out of the key. Then inserted it in the lock, when the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up, he turned the implement and opened the door.

"What's your charge?" asked the manufacturer.

"Five guineas," replied the expert.

"Does any one know you are in town?"

"No."

"Well, then, here are six guineas," remarked the manufacturer. "I'll give you a guinea extra if you'll take the first train back to London without telling any one the price I've paid to have a man dig dust out of a key for me."

An Eye For Note.

"We ought not to expend all our keen-sightedness in discovering our neighbors' little faults," said Rev. J. E. Miller in one of his splendid sermons. "By some strange perverseness in human nature we have far keener eyes for flaws and blemishes in others than for the lovely things that are in them. Not many of us go about talking to every one we meet about our neighbor's good points and praising the lovely things in him. Not a few of us, however, can tell of an indefinite number of faults in many of our neighbors. Would it not be well to change this, and begin gossiping about the good and beautiful things in others?"

A pretty good plan,—don't you think? How many would like to try it?

His Wife's Word Was Law.

In the British army the mustache was ordered to be worn by both officers and men just after the Crimean war. Just before Sir Colin Campbell (afterward Lord Clyde) left England for India to undertake the work of suppressing the mutiny, he perceived a captain of infantry with a clean shaved upper lip. The general sharply ordered his subordinate to attend to regulations, when the captain responded that his wife objected to a mustache.

Sir Colin thundered: "You can wear whiskers or not, as you like, but your mustache belongs to the queen! Let it grow—or sell out!"

The captain thought of his wife and sold out.—*London Chronicle*.

Fully Occupied.

Havers (who has answered the bell himself)—Hello, old man! Come in. Come in.

Jabbers—Sorry, but I just came for my wife. She's here, I suppose?

Havers—Oh, yes. But come in and have a game or two of chess.

Jabbers—I'd like to, but it's too late.

Havers—Nonsense. It's only 10 o'clock.

Jabbers—Yes, but my wife particularly told me not to be any later than that coming for her. So she must want to get home.

Havers—Oh, if that's all, she won't be ready to go for several hours yet.

Jabbers—Why, what's she doing?

Havers—She just started to tell my wife what they had yesterday at the Swillingtons' luncheon.—*Harper's Bazar*.

NEW YORK.

Basket Ball Team Off for Chicago.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The "Silent Five" Basket Ball team started for Chicago at 1.15 P.M., on Sunday, in a private car of the West Shore Railroad. The composition of the team is: J. Ryan, R. McVea, Ed. Rappolt, H. Muench, E. V. Moeslin, Eli Ellis, C. Kidney, and Varley. They are to give exhibition games against picked teams at the Sports man's Show. All their expenses are paid by the management, and the swell Auditorium Hotel is where they will be lodged and fed. They will be away about ten days. This team has been trained by T. G. Cook, Physical Director at the New York Institution, both while school-boys and after graduation. They play a rapid and brainy game, and will give a good account of themselves. Several deaf-mutes saw them off, and Mr. Cook presented each with a boutonniere before departing. Among the deaf who assembled to wish them a pleasant and successful trip were: A. Mc L. Baxter, W. Lynch, L. Cohen, H. Heerd, T. H. Rose, E. Slinn, J. Avens, H. Prinsinz.

A surprise party was given to Frank Eeka, at his home in Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, March 2d. He was presented with a fine roll-top writing desk. Games were indulged in, refreshments served, and a flash-light photograph made by Wm. Moore. Every one who attended had a good time. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pratt, Mr. Thomas Golland and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Valles, Messrs Greis, Hugh Conlon, Backus, Darney, Bieher, McClaren, Misses H. Henry, Mary A. Riley, Lulu and Susie Bond, Ethel Ball, Corrigan, Eeka, and Lester. The party was under the management of Miss Henry, and was skillfully and successfully maneuvered.

The Brooklyn Guild has secured Dexter Park, at Jamaica, for an afternoon and evening picnic on August 3d next. This park is said to be an excellent one, situated in a fine neighborhood, has a splendid track for athletic games, and can be reached by the elevated railroad from either the bridge or the Eastern District ferries in about 35 minutes. Hugh Conlon is the Chairman of the Picnic Committee.

The lecture given before the Brooklyn Guild last Thursday evening, by Prof. Driscoll, was a fine one and greatly enjoyed by all present. After remarks were made by Conlon, Gilbert, Wilkinson and Maynard, of Yonkers, this last individual did not say much, but what he did say about the deaf educated by the oral method, did not reflect to his credit as an "educated" man, but showed him up as one not well read, and who has a big opinion of himself.

Mr. Frank Merritt died in the City Hospital N. Y., on Friday, March 1st. The burial took place in St. Michael's Church Yard, Astoria, on Monday, March 4th. He came from Ireland, many years ago, without education. By using the sign-language, he was fitted for Confirmation and Holy Communion. He earned his living in the Iron Foundry.

Mrs. McMeachen has decided to remain in New York until after Easter. She is quite in love with Gotham, and seems in no hurry to get back to Boston, although she misses her many friends there. She and her husband now reside in Brooklyn.

There were several new faces to be seen at St. Ann's last Sunday, when Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at the service and Holy Communion. Among the congregation were Mr. and Mrs. Duenegs and Mrs. Brewer.

The Guild of Silent Workers held a meeting last Thursday, and selected a committee to arrange for a picnic during the coming summer. W. S. Abrams is chairman, with W. G. Jones and T. F. Driscoll as aides.

A child was born to Mr. and Mrs. B. Dennison, of Brooklyn, last month. Mrs. Dennison has not yet recovered her health and strength, but is improving gradually.

Mr. W. W. Badell, editor of the Middlebury, Vt., Register, is in New York. Mr. Badell is one of the intellectual, cheery and bustling kind, that betokens the true newspaperman.

Irwin A. Oppenheimer sailed for Europe yesterday (Wednesday), on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. His destination is Munich, Bavaria.

Mr. Ormond E. Lewis went to Washington, to see the Inauguration of President McKinley and Vice-President Roosevelt.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black are rejoicing over the advent of a girl baby, which entered their home on the night of February 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. Marx Levy enjoy living in Brooklyn, whither the moved that Mr. Levy might be near his place of business.

Rev. Job Turner is in town, and will stay till the beginning of next week, when he will start for the Lone Star State.

Mr. Lowerstein spent Sunday last in White Plains, N. Y.

HARTFORD, CONN.

There has been quite an exciting talk among some deaf-mutes in the city lately, concerning a bill, "The Marriage of Bachelors," which was introduced in the legislature at the capitol. The bill reads as follows: "Every bachelor who shall remain unmarried at the age of 40 years shall not thereafter be allowed to enter into any matrimonial alliance except upon the payment to the State of Connecticut of the sum of \$100." We hope that the bill will quickly be torn into pieces.

Mr. Franklin E. Crossman, of Springfield, Mass., came here on business and for pleasure, Thursday, February 28th. The same night he left for Washington, D. C., where he expects to stay for one week, and could witness the Inauguration proceedings. Recently he travelled in Europe and enjoyed his trip very much.

Evening previous to Washington's birthday the deaf children and also visitors were entertained with a fine tableaux under the management of Masters Gagnier and Marshall, in the chapel at the American School for the Deaf. The three plays in succession, "The Blue Beard," "Jew's Store," "The Lost Golden Glove," were a great success, being credited to the skillful management of Gagnier and Marshall. Master Gagnier, a former pupil of the Deaf School in Flint, Michigan, is attending the deaf school here.

At the American School for the Deaf, officers, and members of the First Class, entertained Principal John Williams, at 8 P.M., in honor of his birthday, March 1st. Social talks and different kinds of games were indulged in, and refreshments were served. Everything was enjoyed by all who were present.

Father Lamontagne entertained the deaf-mutes of this city and some scholars of the Deaf School with stereopticon twice during the winter, in the conference room, at the St. Joseph's Cathedral. It was a rare treat.

Mr. Walter C. Borrows and wife, returned to their homes in East Hartford, from their enjoyable wedding trip. They are living with the groom's parents at present.

Monday, February 18th, Sister Rosa Gertrude slipped and broke her arm, while going to school. Too bad for her, on account of her inability to teach Catholic deaf-mutes in the Sunday School at the St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday mornings, and it will be some weeks before she can go on with her regular instructions, which will be missed very much by the deaf-mutes attending the 9 o'clock mass.

Mrs. May Simpson was taken to the Hartford Hospital two weeks ago, and died of consumption, Wednesday afternoon, February 27th, leaving one daughter nine years old. Mrs. Simpson, a widow, was about forty-five years old, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery. Her husband George, a well-known musician, died two years ago. The daughter, Gracie, is attending school at the Catholic Orphanage in New Haven.

A Gentleman.

A writer in the *North America Review* recalls Ward McAllister's definition of a gentleman:

"My understanding of a gentleman," said Mr. McAllister, "has always been that he is a person free from arrogance and anything like self-assertion; he has consideration for the feelings of others; is so satisfied in his own position that he is always unpretentious, feeling that he could not do an ungentlemanly act, as courteous and kind in manner to his inferiors as to his equals."

"Beside this definition," continues the writer, "it is well to place that given by Emerson: 'The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile, either on persons or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact; of truth and real force, the word denotes good nature or benevolence—manhood first and then gentleness.'"—*Ec.*

Special Notice.

Bishop Huntington will be at St. Paul's Church, Syracuse, to administer Confirmation, on Sunday morning, March 24th. The morning service for the deaf on that day will, therefore, be held in Syracuse, and evening service in Utica.

PHILADELPHIA.

New Phase of the Chinese Question.

NEARLY DIED OF HUNGER.

Items of Interest.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1638 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Somewhat of a sensation was created by the announcement by the Rev. J. M. Koehler, after the meeting of the Bible Classes yesterday afternoon, March 2d, that arrangements were being made for the Chinese Mission to use All Souls' Church for devotional exercises.

There was a large attendance at the classes, and the news was of such a surprising kind, that after it was made heads were turned toward each other in wonderment and silent contemplation. Perhaps the sudden announcement had as suddenly produced visions of pig-tails, rats, mice, scorpions, cockroaches, etc., and a thousand and one fears of possible evils to the hitherto undisturbed worshippers. But Pastor Koehler, who is a pretty mind reader, easily saw what troubled the minds of his people, and entreated them to wait patiently until he had explained the whole matter, when he believed they would take it better.

All eyes were then concentrated upon him, as he began by saying that Bishop Whitaker approved of and hoped for the success of the plan. Of all the churches within a radius of a mile or two of China town, All Souls' is most little used, generally but twice a week, and on a few special occasions; and, therefore, it is best able to accommodate the Chinese Mission, whose members number about one hundred and fifty. Besides it is also most conveniently located for them.

The plan is to allow the Chinese to occupy All Souls' on Sunday and Monday evenings only. The deaf never use the Church on these nights, so that it can be readily seen that there is to be no interference whatever with the regular work of All Souls' Mission. Then again it should be noted that the Chinese Mission is simply allowed the use of the Church on the evenings specified, while the deaf continue as the "hosts and keepers" of it. The two Missions will work separately as heretofore, and the deaf are not expected to commingle with the Mongolians. It is believed that such an arrangement does not conflict with the clause in the deed of trust, which specifies that the church property shall be for the "exclusive use of the deaf," by a liberal interpretation. However, Mr. Koehler promised to see to it that the interests of the deaf shall be protected as long as he is Minister-in-charge. Of course, the Chinese Mission will be expected to contribute towards the maintenance of the property in return for the privilege of using it. This will be one advantage to All Souls' Mission and a greater one than may be generally supposed. It was pointed out that the Chinese Mission is backed by some rich, influential Episcopalians, who also bestow their beneficence upon the All Souls', so that it would hardly be wise for the deaf to refuse their new proteges the simple privilege. Two missions worshipping in one church building will in time tend to bring that church more to the notice of the public than ever before. So All Souls' Church will have another advantage.

The new arrangement may lead to a long-wished-for consummation, the Syle Memorial Parish House. So little is known of All Souls' by hearing public, that there has been a great deal of misunderstanding about it. It is therefore of the greatest importance for us to endeavor to draw more friends to it and to gain their sympathy, aid, and support.

After Mr. Koehler had finished his explanation, the gist of which is given above with some additions by us, he asked for the views of the deaf on the matter, adding that, if there was opposition, the Chinese would refuse to come.

It developed that there was only one "voice" raised against the plan and that by a lady, but we believe that, upon her second sober thought, she too will sanction it out of the depth of her charity.

Among those who came forward to approve the arrangement may be named Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mr. Wm. McKinney, Mr. Washington Houston, Mr. James T. Young, Mr. J. S. Reider, Mr. Chas. Partington, Mr. Wm. F. Durian, and a few others whom we can not think of now.

The Record to-day (March 4th) reports the following pitiable case: "Deaf and dumb, sick and homeless, aged Edward Kennedy spent all of Friday morning wandering along the downtown street, seeking aid. His gesticulations, meaning that that he wanted something to eat, were not understood by the passers-by, and his strange, meaningless mutterings caused many timid ones to hurry away when the old man approached them."

"Toward Friday noon Kennedy became so weak from want of food that he could scarcely stand, and he walked along Eighth street looking in vain for shelter. In the rear of a store at Eighth and Christian streets he found a stable door slightly open and, entering, he climbed into the hay mow and fell exhausted in a dark corner."

"Kennedy slept in the cold stable that night, and on Saturday morning he was so weak from his illness and exposure that he could not move. Twice on Saturday he heard persons in the stable below him, but he could not attract attention. Without food or drink he passed Saturday night in the dark corner of the hay-mow."

"Early yesterday morning two small boys entered the stable, threw open the doors and climbed into the mow, with the purpose of throwing hay down. Kennedy was aroused from his stupor by the noise, and weakly muttered. The boys were frightened by the noise, and, jumped in from the mow, they ran to the house and summoned help before they would return to the stable."

"When the mow shutters were opened Kennedy was found in the corner burning with a high fever and nearly delirious. Word was sent to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and an ambulance was hurried to the stable. It was high time that help arrived, for the old man was in a pitiable condition, and became unconscious before the hospital was reached. Prompt treatment revived him, however, and while he is still confined in the hospital, he is expected to recover. He was strong enough last night to relate, by the deaf and dumb alphabet, his experience on the street and in the stable."

The following was sent us:—An enjoyable birthday party was tendered to Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., at her home on Carlisle Street, on Tuesday evening, February 19th. It was one of the happiest events that has taken place in deaf-mute circles in this city for some time. Only five deaf persons were present, they being Mr. and Mrs. Mayer's best friends, the rest being hearing persons, and relatives. It is a well-known fact that the Germans are royal entertainers, and her, and the Mayers are no exception to this rule. The guests enjoyed themselves in games, social converse, etc., until a late hour, when an old-time German lunch was partaken of, and soon after the guests departed for their homes, feeling well pleased and wishing Mrs. Mayer many more happy years to come.

This is the first time we have heard of this aged deaf-mute living in this city. Maybe he came here from another place. Is he an eligible subject for the future Pennsylvania Home?

Otto Koenig, a German, called on the JOURNAL correspondent this evening, and proved to him beyond a doubt that he is now an American citizen by exhibiting his naturalization paper with the Court's fiery red seal. Otto, accompanied by Mr. F. Booth, as interpreter, and Mr. H. G. Gunkel, as witness, appeared before Judge Geo. M. Dallas, in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, this Monday (March 4th) morning, and upon answering two simple questions satisfactorily, was given his citizenship. He wants his friends to know now that he is no longer a German.

Miss Emma Shields, of Germantown, gave a small select party in honor of her birthday, at her home on Saturday evening, March 2d. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Partington, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. G. T. Sanders, Misses D. H. Marshall, G. Parker and Cora L. Ford. A pleasant evening was spent.

Mrs. John Tarry, of Upland, was also given a party on her birthday, last Friday evening, March 1st. All the neighboring deaf attended it.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Delp, of Upland, came to the city over Sunday. Mrs. Delp caught sick and is now with her mother. It is expected that she will recover and go home in a few days.

A sister of Mrs. Chas. H. Sharrar, with her husband, of New York, whom she had not seen for ten years, gave her a pleasant surprise one day last week by a visit, but remained only a day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Phillips received a visit from Mr. Phillips' sister, Mrs. J. McGuigan.

Lenten services are held at All Souls' Church every Wednesday evening. All are welcome.

Bishop Whitaker will be at All Souls', 2.30 P.M., March 17th.

Clare Literary Association quarterly business meeting, March 14th. Annual election of officers, March 28th.

Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that, however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them.—*Ruskien.*

FANWOOD.

An Enjoyable Literary Evening.

LETTER FROM MANILA.

Various Items.

On Saturday evening, March 2d, the members of the F. L. A. were entertained by some readings by the members of the Sixth Grade. The evening passed on quite fast, for the various readings were delivered very well and were interesting. The class did their best, for they had never stood before the Association before, and they deserve some credit. The program was as follows:—Readings, "Story of Emily Gerger," by Mary Brewer; "The Fisherman and his wife," by Israel Solomon; "Daniel Abbot and the Skates," by Golden Narkir; "Robert Bruce and the Spider," by Jacob Schwartz; "Polly and her Father," by Lillian Bullis; "The Butcher's Mistake," by Dietrich Paper; and "Ruth's Bravery," by Winnie L. Clark. A dialogue followed, and was given by Samuel Freedman and Fred Nimmo, and proved a laughable one. The meeting came to a close at the end of the dialogue, and all departed to their various dormitories, where they slept and dreamed of the various things they had seen the night before.

Having nothing to do at the close of the F. L. A., on Saturday evening, the members of the Protean Society proposed to enjoy themselves, so they indulged in various games, and at the close of each one of them, there was some sort of a prize awarded to the best one in each. There was also a candy party held at the same time, and it will not be surprising to see some of them running around screaming with pain which comes from a sweet tooth. During the time, which was going on very pleasantly, night supervisor W. L. Hanson entered and informed them it was ten o'clock and time for bed, whence all the boys went, feeling tired but happy.

The following letter, which was received by Major Van Tassel on Tuesday last, may be of interest to the friends of George Ferguson and those who know him while he was at school. George left school when his time expired two years ago, and about a year ago joined the Regular Army. The following gives a description of his trip from the United States to the Philippine Islands.

"MANILA, Jan. 21, 1901. DEAR FRIEND: As I had a few minutes time I thought to write you a few lines, hoping you are well and in good spirits as I am. We arrived at the end of our long voyage safe on the 29th day of December, 1900. It was a very nice voyage, we only had two bad days. You must excuse me for not writing to you sooner, for I took us so long time to get settled down and now we have to move again. We are going to move to the Islands of Luzon, or begin in the jungles to hunt the curious, white and black heads of fun for us all. Now I will come back to the long voyage. Our first stop was at Gibraltar, which has the strongest fortification in the world, from there to Malta, which is a very poor land. From there to Port Said which is the entrance to the Suez Canal, from through the Suez to Port Suez, from there through the Red Sea to Aden, which is a living paradise; from there to Colombo, from there to Manila, where we are at now for a few days more. That is all the ports we stopped at. I hope this letter will find you as well as it let me. Could you please let me know in what Regiment Lieut. Hoyt is in. From your friend, PRIVATE GEORGE FERGUSON. 20th U. S. Inf., Co. G.

The Protean Boat Club held its regular monthly meeting in the Boys' Sitting Room, on Friday evening, March 1st. There was much business indulged in, because it is now near time for spring, and the boat is in need of a new coat of paint. Lieut. Governor Martin F. Allen, of Vermont, called to see the Principal, while on his way to Washington to attend the Inauguration, which took place on Monday, March 4th, on Friday night, and took dinner with him.

In company with Miss A. Berry, one of the teachers, several of the boys went to High Bridge one day last week, to see the water power works, which are stationed there.

Saturday afternoon Cadet Samuel Smith paid a visit to Grant's Tomb, and also saw the new Riverside Bridge, which is now being constructed near there.

As foretold in last week's issue, the small boys have made up rival teams in base ball, and have chosen G. Wigley to manage one team, and F. Fluhr to manage the other.

Mr. Henry Muench, Robert McVea and Archibald McL. Baxter, all members of the Silent Five, who left for Chicago on Sunday last, were visitors here one day last week. They spoke of their trip to Chicago, and by their talk it seems that a great deal will be heard from them during the ensuing week. It is the first time that a deaf team has ever been chosen, to represent this city in any sports.

Saturday afternoon, those who were candidates for the Fanwood first team and second, went to the Bailey Grounds and practiced, under the coaching of Physical Director Cook and Captain Dyer.

Mr. William Dickson has taken the place of Mr. A. K. Petit, who resigned as head of the Horticultural Department.

Mr. W. G. Jones began the reading of the "Black Rock," on Sunday evening. It will take several Sundays before he will be able to finish it. The story is very interesting, and is written by Ralph Connor.

A letter received from Frank Adams, formerly the bell boy, states that he is now employed at Hotel Savoy and is prospering. He recalls with pleasure his life at the Institution and states that he never again expects to have such a pleasant home as he found here. He sent kind greetings to all his friends in the Institution.

Rev. Job Turner was a visitor at the Institution on Tuesday last. He visited the various buildings and classes of the school.

A. C. S.

COURTESY.

It is sometimes said that Americans lack in the element of social refinement. It is true that deportment is not a specialty in any sense in the average American home or school. Indeed, the spirit of the American is so intensely one of individual independence, manifest in his inbred dislike of every thing that smacks of what is vulgarly termed tonyism, that he is perhaps careless in the observance of common everyday courtesies. Chesterfield's observations are quite obsolete. Indeed, wherever a design to practice the precepts and traditional deportments of the so-called, better European society, is observed, remarks are indulged by people in ordinary, not at all complimentary to the would-be Chesterfieldians. Dickens' Turveydrop and his deportment as inspiration for uncoth suggestion, and the making of mirth-provoking comparisons, furnishes many of the cynically inclined their weapons of ridicule. For American deportment is really negative so far as rule and precedent are concerned, and what there is of it, sometimes sincere and an output of generous regard perhaps, is still quite indefinable. Of course, it is not satisfactory to the more thoughtful classes, and though successive generations, when emerging from their schools, may discover, each over its predecessor, a higher conception and more improved taste in the deportment of life's courtesies, still it is clear that more should be done than is doing to cultivate "good manners" by systematic method, both in school and at home. The prevailing carelessness in these affairs cannot but be condemned.

There are certain observable features of everyday deportment, worthy of mention and thought. An American nod of recognition, for instance, when neighbor meets neighbor incidentally, upon the street or at the threshold of the church, is usually a very perfunctory act. It consists sometimes of a slight motion of the head forward, jerky, oftentimes awkward, and, in some instances, accompanied by a glance which varies from the weakly austere to one of half-savage severity. It may be said, also, that there are meetings on trolley cars, and on the highways, when people well known to each other avoid the commonest recognition. An austere, moody individual, may know his neighbor to-day, but slight or snub him at the meeting to-morrow. The classes that endeavor to be courteous, may be growing ones, but their opposites, who, seemingly self-satisfied, are ever cold and undemonstrative, are found in all societies, in the village as well as in the city. Then, too, the hundreds who are courteous only when patronized, are never pleasant nor companionable. Practically they are mannerless, and live in shadows of their own casting. We refer to these observable features of everyday deportment, or lack of deportment, simply to engage attention as to the need for fuller thoughtfulness regarding the value of proper courtesies, graciously observed.

As an object-lesson, the matter presented is pertinent and suggestive. Life is cold enough at best. He is a "generous soul," who, through his courteous bearing, accentuates the sentiments of American brotherhood, and helps on in the development of the higher sense of kinship, which should not only be universal, but abounding in its output, in all humanitarian graces.—*The Caldwell News.*

MUTE MIMIC FINED.

Thomas McGrath, a deaf-mute, who has spent seven eighths of his time since 1880 on the island for drunkenness, was fined \$5 for the same offense by Magistrate Mott in the Yorkville Court this morning.

McGrath was on the Charities steamboat Hope when it was blown up in Hell Gate in 1875. He escaped with his life, but became speechless and deaf.

McGrath has wonderful powers of mimicry. This morning he convulsed the attaches of the court by imitating a patrolman getting a drink at the side door of a saloon.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Trust Question is now Settled.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET SICK.

Salmagundi.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The chief event in college circles during the past week was the Senior debate. The question discussed was, "Are Great Combinations of Capital Detrimental to the Best Interests of Society?" The affirmative side was taken by Messrs. Rundle and Moran, the Negative by Messrs. Taylor and Braithwaite. The Judges decided in favor of the Negative side. Prof. J. W. Chickering was to lecture at the same meeting, but sickness prevented his coming.

Dr. Gallaudet, who has been sick for about two weeks, is still confined to the house. He met his classes on Wednesday and Thursday, but was not able to do so on Friday. He is reported to be better to-day. The real trouble with him was bronchitis. This was brought on by the strain of delivering a long lecture to the Columbian University School of Diplomacy while he was suffering from a deep cold. He says this is the most severe illness he has had in thirty-five years—the first time he has remained in bed for five days during that time.

Prof. Draper was sick during the week, with a cold also, and unable to meet his classes one day.

Misses Stout and Gaillard, '01, entertained the pupils of the Kendall School on Friday night with short lectures.

The chess tournament between the several classes, which has been going on during several weeks, has closed. The Freshmen won first place, the Seniors second, the Juniors and Normalists tied for third, while the Ducks came out last. The Sophomores were not represented.

To-morrow the baseball and track teams will begin active training for the coming season. The prospects for a good showing this year are fair, though not as good as at the beginning last year.

"Colonel" Andree, in charge of the "Gallaudet College Cadets," has been drilling them every day during the past week, preparatory to the Inaugural Parade this evening. The place assigned to Gallaudet in the parade is about the centre of the college Clubs.

The deaf visitors in the city taking in the Inaugural are quite numerous. Several have called at the college to see friends. Among them we note Messrs. J. L. Norris, of Virginia, who graduated from the Kendall School last year, Frank McClary, of Maryland, Frank Crossman and Charles Dougherty, of Massachusetts, ex-pupils of the Hartford School.

The mother of Miss Peet is still very sick. She does not even recognize her own daughter. She was taken to the hospital during the week. Miss Peet has not been able to leave her bedside to meet her classes some of the time.

The students of the four lower classes met last week, and decided to give the usual Hop to the graduating class. The committee on arrangements consists of Andree, Clark and Strong, '02, Erickson, Allen and Hewitson, '03, and Neesam, Drake and Hendricks, '04.

That Monitor Puritan, the boat whose 12-inch guns knocked out that Spanish mule at Matanzas, Cuba, during the War with Spain, is now at the Washington Navy Yards, having been ordered here so her crew could take part in the Inaugural Parade. She has been open to the inspection of visitors on each afternoon since her arrival. Many of the students have been down and inspected her.

Part of the menu card of the Kappa Gamma banquet was omitted from last week's letter; to wit, clam chowder and wafers.

R. S. T.

Supposed Burglar a Deaf-mute

Sebastian Herte, of Hollis, L. I., was going to bed Friday night when he heard a noise on the front porch. Going down stairs, he found a man on the stoop. He asked the stranger what he was doing, and, failing to get a reply, he knocked the intruder against a pillar. The man's head was badly cut, but Herte continued the attack, and soon had the man at his mercy.

Then he marched the man to the Seventy-eighth Precinct, a distance of two miles. The man's silence during the attack on him and on the way to the station puzzled Herte. This was explained when at the station he wrote on a piece of paper that he was John McTierman, of Stamford, Conn., a deaf mute. The prisoner had to go to the Jamaica Hospital to have his injuries attended to.

CATCHING A MOUSE.
A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE HAVE
AN INTERESTING TIME OVER IT.

There was nothing for it but a mousetrap. They had stood the pest of mice as long as patience allowed. The janitor had made one or two ineffectual attempts to abate the pest, but as the agent of the building would not allow him to use poison for fear the victims would have the bad taste to die on the premises, the head of the family, spurred on by the protestations of his wife, went out to a hardware store and called for the needed article. He had supposed that buying a mousetrap was a simple thing, but when he saw the number of patterns he was bewildered.

"Do you want to catch them alive?" asked the clerk.
"Well, I should say I did. If I wanted to catch them dead, you don't suppose I would require a trap, do you?" replied the head of the family.

"I mean," explained the clerk, "do you want a trap that will kill them?"
"Of course I do. I am not collecting mice for exhibition purposes." He selected a small steel cage of the ordinary garrote pattern, for which he paid 15 cents. That night he showed it to his wife, and they proceeded to set it.
"What shall we bait it with?" he asked.

"Do we have to bait it?"
"Oh, no. You catch mice by sending them an engraved invitation."

"Oh, I suppose it ought to be some thing nice and tempting."

"Yes? lobster a la Newburg."

"Oh, George, I believe you're teasing me! What do they like most?"

"Cheese, you sweet nunny!"
"Of course! How stupid of me! But we haven't a bit of Ropuefort in the house."

"My dear, if we had Ropuefort, we wouldn't need the trap. The cheese would kill them."

"Just plain American cheese?"

Of course! These are just plain American mice. You might make a Welsh rabbit for them. That would certainly do the business."

She got a morsel of cheese, and the trap was baited and set.

That night a mouse was caught, but Isabel fainted at the sight of the dead victim, and George was obliged to give the trap away to the janitor in order to save her nerves. The next day he brought home a trap of another pattern. It was baited with cheese, but the mouse was not killed by its captivity. After it had eaten the cheese it found that the only open door led to a rotary cylinder of steel wire. That is where they found Mr. mouse the next morning. He was paddling around in the treadmill under the impression that he was rapidly getting away from the scene of his captivity. Isabel clapped her hands at the sight.

"Isn't he too cunning for anything? But what shall we do with him?"

"We might give him to the baby to play with," said the unfeeling brute, "or we could attach the cage to the sewing machine and get the benefit of his energy. We will drown him, of course." Isabel hid her face in her hands.

"In the lake, George?"
"Yes; I see myself walking three blocks to drown a mouse in the lake. No; in the bathtub."

"George Harrison, if you drown that poor little helpless mouse in my bathtub I'll never—"

"Bathe again?" finished her husband. "Oh, yes, you will?" And he started with the trap for the bathroom. When he had accomplished his design, he gave the trap and its contents to the janitor and returned to his wife. "Did—Did it suffer much?" asked Isabel.

"Its death agonies were very distressing and I shall never get its last words out of my ears. I—"

"You're a brute!" said Isabel, and she flounced out of the room.—
Chicago Chronicle.

GRAND FAIR

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Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.
Mr. F. L. Selney, DEAF-MUTES' REGISTER, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orris Dantzer, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
General Manager of

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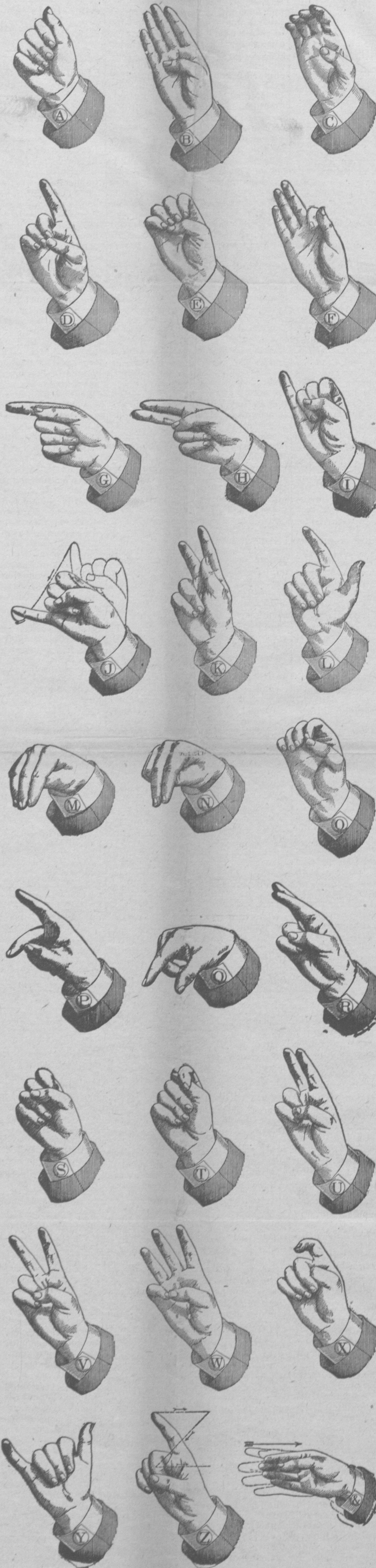
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